

Beneath the Ashes of a Dying World

'The seeds of yesterday shall bear tomorrow's fruit.'

The more one awakens from the sleep-like trance
Of modern existence. The mist of illusion begins
To dissipate. Revealing all that was concealed
From the public eye. Each revelation unveiling
A hidden ember of truth. That yearns to engulf

The mind much like a tempest. To give rise to a
Renewed state of being. For an awakened spark
Seeks to sever the shackles that bind it to a
World of cruel illusions: as nothing short of an
Awakened mind can comprehend the scope

Of deception. Though it pains the heart to know,
Truth is something that is worth dying for. As
The world's darkness begins to dissolve with
Every sole that awakens. As the paradigm of
Old can't prevent the rise of a spirited youth.

The devious ways of an antiquated system
Unable to shape public perception like it did
In the past; when the narrative was written by
The same people peddling state propaganda
As though it was the final word on everything.